The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Courtesy of Society of The Little Flower, Chicago

The Little Flower's Charity Towards the Sick

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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By SISTER M. FRANCES, R.N.

IN a poor Hindu home which we visited the other day, there were five daughters in the family—all of dark complexion. They were most attentive to us from the start, so we knew what was coming (they wanted *bakshish!*)—nothing like getting the person in good humor mentally and physically before making a request. Usually they think one has unlimited money to hand out to them because one happens to be white. According to their ideas, we can hand out anything if we only so desire. When all was ready, the *punkah* (fan) going, the mother said: "What makes my babies so black? Why, nobody would want to marry them! (a real calamity)."

Then she continued: "What do you do to keep your skin white? Is it true that European people bathe in brandy every day to keep from getting black?"

I'm afraid she didn't believe me when I told her it was quite natural. They think we have all the good luck being white.

ABOUT two years ago one of our patients gave birth to a little crippled girl. We overheard those around saying in Bengali that it would be better if the child should die as she could never be given in marriage. "Who is going to feed and care for so useless and helpless a creature as most certainly she will be always?" they said with despairing looks.

On two other occasions when we had a deformed child we saw it quite healthy one day and the next day on returning found that it was dead and buried. Scarcely ever is there any investigation made in such cases.

So little Langri (lame one), as they nicknamed her, became Elizabeth. Nothing happened to her, however. In fact, her grandmother became very much attached to her. Here in the missions poor crippled children cannot receive the care a child can get at home. We taught the kind grandmother how to massage the stiff, deformed limbs. She was very faithful and gradually little Langri showed signs of improvement. Her little twisted hands and stiff arms became almost normal. Her legs also were better. At each of our visits the grandmother would show her off with great satisfaction. Langri was indeed a sweet and winsome baby and became in time a general favorite. Frail she was always; it was only with careful nursing that she pulled through so many illnesses.

Once when we visited Langri she had just had pneumonia and was looking very pale and weak. The next time we came everything seemed very quiet and subdued.

"Isn't Langri coming to say Salaam this morning?" we asked the grandmother. (Langri would have been nearly two years old by this time.)

She shook her head and said sadly, "Your little friend Langri has gone." She had died two weeks previously.

AFTER a busy day we arrived at the centre at 8 P. M. Another midwife was just going on a call, when the man saw me and ran to me saying: "Allah has sent you to me. I came here three times looking for you, but each time you were out. Please, please come and see my daughter. She has been screaming with pain all day." I went with the midwife. The daughter, a little girl of fourteen, had been ill since early morning. Little Poison was her name. Her father and mother would have much preferred to give her a beautiful name as *Tara Regum* (Queen of the Stars) or Golden Lady, but to deceive the evil spirits and make them believe the child was unwanted, she had been given the ugly name of Little Poison.

The Indians as a rule are very fond of their children. All of Little Poison's brothers and sisters with the exception of one brother, who was very much older, died in their infancy. Through-

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CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE

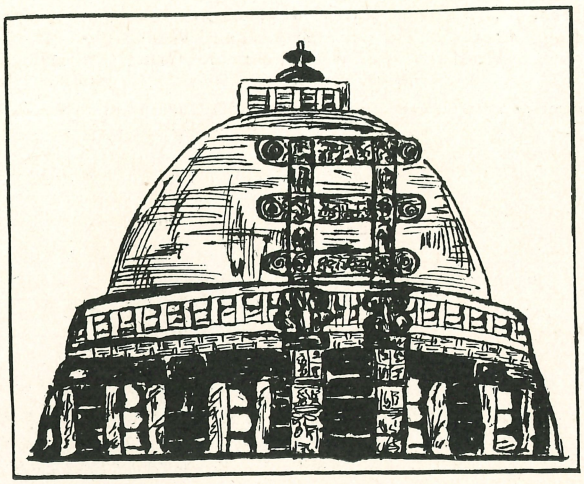
Helen Atteridge

Glory to God we glory in his praise:
The anthem of our hearts to music swells,
And incense wreaths, and ringing of sweet bells
Call heavenward the weary thought that strays.
Glory to Christ the King: when close the days,
He rises o'er us 'neath his mystic veil;
And lo, all lesser joys drop down and pale
In happy worship of his loving ways.
Look up, beyond: O Mother-Queen, we see
Thy pleading hands whence gifts flow endlessly.
Look through the ages back: for, at thy word,
The Joy of all the nations came through thee
To cross and throne—sweet Handmaid of the Lord.

A PAGE FROM INDIA'S HISTORY

SISTER M. ANN, B.Sc., R.P.

TO learn something about the history of a country from a study of its ancient monuments and landmarks is an alluring pathway which few people will refuse to explore. Since I came to Rawalpindi I have heard much of Taxila and wished for an opportunity to visit its famous Buddist shrines and monasteries. Last Sunday it was my good fortune to be included in a little party arranged by our doctor to spend a few hours in that district. This is the season for such outings. The Spring rains are just over, everything is fresh green, as yet unspoiled by the scorching suns of summer.



GREAT STUPA-SANCHI, 1ST CENTURY, B. C.

Leaving Pindi shortly after mid-day, in about an hour we reached the valley where the remains of Taxila, one of India's most ancient cities, are to be found. The valley in which it lies is a singularly pleasant one, well watered by the Haro River and its tributaries and protected by a girdle of hills—north and east are the snow mountains of Hazara and the Murree ridge; west and south lie the Magella spur and lower eminences. This position on the great trade route which used to connect Hindustan with Central and Western Asia, with the strength of its natural defences, the fertility of its soil, and a constant supply of good water, readily accounts for the importance of the city in early times. When Alexander the Great invaded India, it was the greatest of all cities between the Indus and the Jhelam. Many ancient writers speak of the fertility, the rich and abundant harvests, the flowing streams and luxuriant vegetation of this densely populated district.

On the bare stony knolls are to be found the ruins of old-time stupas and monasteries, while within the valley are the remains of three distinct cities. The first and most ancient of these is the Bhir Mound. It was occupied as a city many centuries prior to the coming of the Greeks and it was not until the early part of the second century B. C. that the capital was transferred to the area now known as Sirkap. The third city is that of Sirsukh, situated to the north east. This city was probably built during the reign of Kanishka, about 125 A. D.

Taxila was annexed to the Persian Empire in the sixth century B. C. At that time it enjoyed a great reputation as a university and was famous for the arts and sciences of the day.

Among the buildings excavated in the city of Sirkan is a spacious Aspidial temple of the Buddhists and several other smaller shrines, both Jain and Buddhist. Many dwelling houses and shops have been disclosed and one distinguished from the rest by its size and massiveness was probably a palace. It is of interest to learn that the plan of this building bears a striking resemblance to the Assyrian palaces of Mesopotamia.

In many of the houses were the remains of stupas. Primarily, stupas were funeral mounds or tumili but among the Buddhists and Jains they were used to enshrine some relic of the Buddha or of a Buddhist saint or else to commemorate some particularly sacred spot. The best preserved of these in Sirkap is probably of Jain origin. Another stupa shows many Hellenistic features among which ought to be mentioned the double-headed eagle, later adopted into the Imperial Arms of Russia and Germany.

Perched on the top of one of the hills are the remains of Jaulian, a Buddhist monastery. A steep zigzag path leads from the road to the hill-top from which a beautiful view of the surrounding hills and valleys may be had. Standing there one can understand how attractive such a site must have been for the Buddhist community with its wide expanse of view, its calm seclusion and its cool and dustless air. There are three main groups of ruins. The first of these is a large open quadrangle with ranges of small cells intended for cult images and five moderate sized stupas. Everywhere on these stupas, images of the Buddha or Bodhisativa images are to be seen ensconced in niches with rows of elephants, lions or Atlantes in a variety of quaint and distorted postures supporting the superstructure.

Further on is the Main Stupa, on the south wall of which is a colossal image of the Buddha. Ranged in rows around it are many small and richly decorated stupas—some with circular domes, others quadrangular. One of the most remarkable of these is modelled out of hard plaster finished with blue and crimson paint and bejewelled with gems of garnet, camelias and other semi-precious stones. The relics themselves are hidden in a small copper gilt receptacle placed at the bottom of a shaft running through the stupa.

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JUST JUTE

By Sister Mary Laetitia, R.N.

"WHAT a terrific odor! From wherever is it coming?"

The exclamation was made out in the country, in a veritable jungle and there was no road, only a wet, muddy foot-path, down by the river-side. Two women, one an Indian, the other a European who had recently arrived in Bengal, had been called to this evil-smelling locality to see a sick child.

"That is nothing" placidly remarked the Indian, "Just jute. It's soaking in the river until it rots and can be stripped."

On first acquaintance one wondered how in the world the people round about could stand the misery of living in close proximity to such an odor. After the first hour or two one felt thoroughly nauseated, but no one else seemed to notice it at all. Such is habit. After a few years of more or less close relation with jute, though never exactly longing for a very near association with it in the rotting stage, one could bear the pungent odor with equanimity, if not with liking.

The jute plant grows very high, about ten or twelve feet, or even more, and seems to ask nothing more of nature than a plentiful supply of water. The deeper the water in which it stands, the higher the growth. It is not an especcially beautiful plant, for it consists merely of one long green stem, from which small light green leaves spring. A clump of growing jute would be a splendid hiding place for a nice, fat Bengal tiger! One can easily imagine a brown form swathed in a white *dhoti* suddenly flinging its arms in the air and with a loud shriek fleeing for dear life at the sudden meeting with enemy tiger in the midst of the jute crop.

The jute crash has been a tragedy in Bengal during the last few years. In many parts of the country there is so much water the greater part of the year that it is impossible to grow anything else, even rice. The poor country people often have nothing but one little piece of land and when this is partially submerged, what can they do? All of those who are aware of conditions are urging them not to plant jute, or to plant very little of it, for the next few years; but for some it is complete starvation if they do not plant it and yet if they do they hardly get enough for it to make harvesting worth while. This may be their only possible means of support and if that goes there is nothing but misery and ruin. They cannot obtain work when their fellow-cultivators are all in the same boat.

Much of Bengal seems to be divided up in such a way that each man has a few acres, very few, and in places where it is not so wet, a cow or two,—hence a condition that affects one will affect all.

In such times it is a very short step to the money-lender,—usually an out and out villain! He will lend a few rupees on the poor little piece of land. This more often than not means the entire loss of the property. From 32% to several hundred per cent will be exacted, and after the owner has struggled vainly to pay this for a few years, one day when the interest simply cannot be met, the money-lender will foreclose on the pitiful little mortgage. Sometimes when by some means or other the debt is paid and everything is all nicely sealed and settled, the poor cultivator may find that what he thinks is a good receipt (usually he cannot read) may be a worthless piece of paper with something like "Baa, baa, black sheep" written on it.

It seems strange that there should be such an over-supply of jute in the world, for its uses are legion. The Dundee Chamber of Commerce in their "Tree of Jute" lists nearly one hundred uses and there are still more to be found in India. Some of the hospitals use jute pads as mattresses, but this is a use to which they should never be put, for they are full of little crevices which form nice, snug homes for millions of parasites.

Jute silk presents a more joyous side to the jute question in India. It is very cheap and the colors are marvellous! scarlet, yellow, jade, orange,—all the colors of the rainbow! The fabric costs only a few annas a yard, and washes and wears very well. The world is certainly brightened up when a yard or two of scarlet and yellow jute silk adorn one and the same little brown maiden.

One would imagine

that most of the sacks in the world are made from jute. Does a sack begin and end life as a sugar or potato bag? Not in India! It may begin that way, but it is a long way from the end. When it has so many holes in it that the potatoes show an inclination to form a trail along the street, it is turned into a *purdah* (curtain) for a poor home, hanging in front of the outer gate of the yard. This is the history of the very unsavory thing that one has to raise when entering or leaving nearly every poor home in Bengal. The discarded sack may also serve as a complete outfit for a beggar or a madman. Only a few days ago, a poor, insane woman was picked up in a hospital compound, clad entirely in a series of bags, shivering with cold, the thermometer registering 26°F. Before the bag has entirely ceased its useful career, it is given to the sweeper to be used as a cloth to wash the floors. He prefers, however, to get hold of a jute mop, which consists of a bundle of raw jute tied together, measuring about a yard in length. With this ungainly weapon, dripping with rather thick water, he loves to stand in the centre of a room and slop about for dear life. At the end of the performance the walls are picturesque with futuristic designs, the corners are completely and entirely ignored and the room presents a miniature lake. Friend sweeper is now beatifically happy; it only took about two minutes, and, at that rate, his work will be finished within an hour and he will have lots of time to sit or sleep in the shade. What the owner of the room thinks about it does not disturb any scion of the line of sweepers.

Sometimes when the servants feel really energetic, which does not happen very often, they make smaller mops of jute, tie them to long bamboo poles and attempt to remove the cobwebs, succeeding in spreading them complacently all over the wall.

Carpets, rugs, hangings (nice ones), twine fabrics, yarns, soles for shoes, horse-wraps, etc., are a few of the many things obtained from jute.

Another unofficial use of jute is in the surgical department. Wrapped in gauze and sterlized it makes very good, absorbent, surgical dressings.

Even the skeleton of the dried plant, after the fibres have been removed, is used, sometimes to prop up the sweet-peas, or tomato plants, and sometimes simply to light the fire. Nothing is ever wasted in India, even if it is just jute.

OCTOBER 3—FEAST OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

THE double aspect which the virtue of charity presents, namely, to love both God and neighbor in a supernatural manner, too often proves to be a stumbling-block for those who have not realized the perfect equilibrium existing between the two commandments. It is true that this virtue in its fulfillment demands both a life of union with God by prayer and one of action by works of zeal. Yet, it is one and the same as that which Jesus Christ lived on earth in order to give us weak mortals an example to follow. How few attain this ideal of charity towards God and neighbor! And what glory redounds to those who do.

St. Therese, the little patroness of missionaries found a little way, all her own, to solve this apparent puzzle. Her apostolic life of serving her neighbor was but the overflow of her life of prayer or contemplation. The fire of Divine Love dwelling within her augmented and gave strength to the flames of love and zeal for her neighbor's soul. "There is one thing to be done here below," she wrote to her sister Celine, "to love Jesus and to save souls for Him that He may be more loved."

Her missionary thirst for souls reached out beyond the limits of Carmel. It aspired to reach the extremities of time and space. "Gladly would I travel the earth, O my Well-Beloved, to preach Thy Name and to set up Thy glorious Cross in pagan lands. But one mission would not suffice for me: would that I could at one and the same time proclaim the Gospel to all the world, even to the remotest of its islands. I would desire to be a missionary not only for a few years, but to have been one from the creation of the world and to continue to the end of time."

But how appease these boundless desires? Were they only longings? "My whole strength," she says, "lies in prayer and sacrifice. These are my invincible arms; they can move hearts better than words." These were indeed the simple things she employed in her missionary way. Not great deeds, or studied austerities, only the tiny sacrifices which she found strewn along the path of her daily life, and love for her neighbor. She gathered them all together for charity's sake to scatter as flowers before the Lord.

Thus this little model of charity gives us the proof that it is impossible to love God as He desires without seeking and forwarding His Kingdom on earth among our neighbors.

MISSION SUNDAY

The clarion call for every Catholic to participate in the propagation of the faith will sound throughout the world on Mission Sunday, October 21, 1934. All can not enlist in the ranks of the apostolic laborers but there remain the other alternatives of prayer and alms.

As their part in fostering interest in the missions, the Diocese of Brooklyn, New York, is holding a large mission exhibit, beginning October 15, and ending on Mission Sunday. Daily lectures will be given in the Council Chamber of the Knights of Columbus Building. Father Hilpert has already reserved a booth for our Society there and we hope that all our Brooklyn friends will visit us.

THE SOCIETY AT HOME

IT WAS an esteemed privilege and pleasure to us to receive a visit from His Excellency Rt. Rev. Thomas Spreiter, O.S.B., Vicar Apostolic of Eshowe, Zululand, Natal, South Africa. This prelate who has spent well-nigh a lifetime of hard and ofttimes trying labor among African peoples, expressed the truly apostolic value of medical mission work, especially for women. Even in South Africa where purdah customs do not restrict the women from converse with outside men, tribal traditions are such that during childbirth medical aid can only be given by women. The high mortality rate of newborn infants in these regions indicates this need of fully qualified medical mission sisters.

The story of Bishop Spreiter's apostolic labors and his love for the missions was for us a real inspiration.

On September 30th the Society will celebrate its ninth birthday. May we ask our readers to join with us on that day in giving thanks to Almighty God Who was bestowed on our little community many spiritual blessings besides the material help that was needed. How frequently has His Fatherly solicitude been manifested in providing from totally unexpected sources all that was necessary for the continuance of our apostolate.

HIS EXCELLENCY AND FATHER MATHIS, C.S.C.

Fall classes have begun again. With renewed vigour the three medical students, Sister Alma, Sister Eleanor, and Sister Léonie, have resumed their studies at medical schools. Sister Catherine and Sister Magdalene are pursuing supplementary courses in nursing.

HARRISBURG LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE

During this month in which the feast of the Little Flower occurs we like to recall the blessings she secured for a band of faithful women who under her patronage determined to devote much of their precious time and energy to assist the Society.

The following are extracts from the records of the circle:

"On Wednesday evening, April 21, 1926, a number of ladies met at the home of Miss Katherine Hemler with the hope of organizing a circle, first, for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls, and second to assist Dr. Anna Dengel, foundress of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, to secure finances to maintain her work.

"At the first meeting of the circle Miss Katherine Hemler was appointed president, Miss Loretta Hemler, secretary, and Miss Catherine Wilhelm, treasurer. Fourteen ladies volunteered to be solicitors of a band to be unlimited in number."

Since the circle was organized it has not failed to send us the monthly check. Miss Hemler writes: "We have been obliged to reduce the amount since the depression when a number of members were forced to cease paying their dues. Some have returned and others hope to do so when business improves. The circle now numbers 139 members, and 99 deceased members.

"We thank our little Intercessor who has answered many of our petitions."

We likewise thank St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and also all the members of the circle who have given unstintingly of their time and means. Our prayer is that the circle will not only continue, but that their membership may increase from year to year and that many blessings for soul and body may be the reward of all the living members, eternal rest for those deceased.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please notify us of change of address. The Post Office charges us every time it notifies us. Your cooperation in this matter will be appreciated.

Promote Medical Missions by subscribing to "The Medical Missionary." Subscription, $1 a year. Address, "The Medical Missionary," Brookland, Washington, D. C.

European Subscription: 5/ a year. English address: Mater Christi House, Thornbury Road, Osterly, Middlesex, England.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS IN MEDICINE

AS the date of the closing of the Chicago's Century of Progress is drawing near, a few of us were happy to get an opportunity to visit its famous halls. The Hall of Science, especially, where among others the medical exhibit was lodged, was the object of our attentions. This particular exhibit purposed to show a century of progress in medical science, at the same time to instruct the public in the intricacies of the human body and depicting the danger of self-medication. The advice of the physician in cases of dubious symptoms is often an absolute necessity for general well-being.

To describe the whole exhibit in detail is too large a task for so small a space, but some of its most popular aspects may give a general idea of the whole.

The exhibit centers around man, as does the science of medicine. The transparent "man," popularly known as the "Dresden Man," attracts immediate attention. It is made of a material called cellon. By means of a mechanical device, different parts of the body are illuminated successively showing clearly the anatomical positions of some of the important organs, such as the brain, liver and kidneys.

Around the transparent man are grouped the contributions of the different countries. England, for example, is represented by a display of the Wellcome Research Institute of London. The "Floating Laboratory" used in times past on the Nile for the study of various medical problems is of historical interest, and of scientific note is the precise picture of the mouth-apparatus of the Tsetse fly, the transmitting agent of African Sleeping Sickness.

Germany, with its Koch exhibition, honors the great man who discovered the *Bacillus Tuberculosis,* and who during his life-time was blamed so often for the loss of many lives.

Different universities as also various institutions contribute to the large share which America takes in the exhibit. Loyola University with its exquisitely colored sections of the human body and its collections of human embryos, brings out a physical application of St. Ignatius' favorite counsel, "Know thyself." The American College of Surgeons exhibited a marvelous array of surgical instruments showing the progress in surgery. Clever dioramas illustrate the improvements in surgical technique since the discovery of antisepsis and anesthesia. Another popular series of dioramas depicts the steps in the operation for removal of a diseased appendix.

After having seen the progress made by a science so closely concerned with man's fitness for life—progress made principally through efforts to relieve suffering humanity, and through the sacrifices of heroic men and women who have devoted their lives to the study of seemingly insolvable problems—one wonders whether there is a single soul among the crowds daily thronging the exhibitions who thinks of the poor sick natives of mission countries where medical science has scarcely made its entrance. —*Sister M. Léonie.*

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

(*Continued from page 2*)

out her brief childhood Little Poison was idolized by her family. They would carry her about astride their hip when other little girls of her age were already minding younger brothers and sisters. Poor, ignorant child, as others of her sex, she never went to school, but lived the wild life of freedom playing about in the streets with other children. As for clothing, until she was five the latter consisted of a silver chain around her waist and colored glass bracelets on her arms. For each big day the old ones would be broken off and new ones bought. After her fifth birthday, however, although she still continued to play in the streets, she was now clad in the flimsiest of *saris.*

All too short was this care-free life which ended at eleven when her marriage took place. Nevertheless, she was as spoiled and petted as ever. The first two years after the marriage she went for short visits to her father-in-law's house, and was treated much as a child of the family. What a change it was from the liberty she had formerly enjoyed. Now she could go out of the house only when heavily veiled and in the company of older women. She drove always in closed carriages. Purdah for Little Poison did not mean that she became shy and quiet. Indeed she seemed to be inclined to grow even more self-assertive.

When we arrived she was screaming as her father had said. Her mother and five other women were waiting on her and doing all in their power to placate her. We told her mother we would give her a treatment and a sedative after which she would go to sleep. Little Poison only stopped her screeching long enough to listen to what we were saying. She screamed at us that we could give her some medicine for the pain, but if we thought we were going to touch her we were mistaken. Her father and mother both began to weep then. They came to us, touching our feet, saying: "Please treat Little Poison just as she wishes."

I threatened to leave if she would not comply with my orders. Her parents began fondling and coaxing her. However, Little Poison could not be moved. "Well," I said, "Now I *am* going." It was raining heavily outside, but there was almost as much water inside from the tears!

"You try coaxing her," the parents pleaded. "She might listen to you."

"Very well," I said, and proceeded with preparations. First we cajoled and wheedled Little Poison as her father wished, with no results. Then to her great amazement and to the horror of her mother, we tried coaxing of another sort. . . . Little Poison found her youthful countenance splashed with warm soap suds. She shrieked and howled but the same thing happened another time. A third time was not necessary. What a marvel had been worked. After this she was as good a patient as one could wish. We waited until the storm let up somewhat and when we left the house shortly after ten, Little Poison had already been sleeping for an hour.

MEDICAL MISSION NOTES

PIERRE DELATTRE, S.J., has given us the account of an interesting medical mission institute in Japan.* As far back as the sixteenth century, it is reported to have been started by the first fathers of the Society who came over with St. Francis Xavier. In his book Father Delattre brings out the aim of the foundation of this medical institute: the formation of medical missionaries.

The origin of the work itself is ascribed to a certain Luigi de Almeida, born in Lisbon in 1525. He came over to the Indies with several Jesuits and after having made a fortune in trading, entered the Society of Jesus in Japan. It was his purpose to assist the new mission with his labors as well as with his offerings. Although he remained a brother all his life, he was always busy, now as bookkeeper, again as professor and at last, as doctor and founder of a hospital.

He really knew a great deal about medicine and surgery considering the standards of the times. Where or when he learned it is not known. However, we do know that he was the first to bring into Japan in a systematic way the benefits and discoveries of western medicine. He gained much fame among both higher and lower classes.

In 1559 Almeida opened two hospitals in Oita, one for the poor and one for the well-to-do. These constituted the first medical centre in Japan. Luigi de Almeida was the superintendent of the hospital, doctor, surgeon, specialist in internal diseases and treated with remarkable skill all kinds of wounds, even cancer. It is reported that he even cured diseases which were considered incurable in Portugal. It is hardly necessary to add that his fame and that of the hospital in Oita attracted the admiration of people far and near.

This necessitated a division of the work so that Almeida took the care of training the new doctors, surgeons and nurses. A Japanese brother called Paolo was charged with the whole supervision of the hospital. The surgical training was more practical than theoretical. Operations were done on the porch in the sun so that none of the suspicious pagans could fear diabolical influences.

In 1560 the General Council of the Society of Jesus made a rule which forbade the conducting of medical and surgical schools. As a result, the school in Oita though not suppressed suddenly, gradually lost its importance, and its reports disappear from the annual letters.

In listing the various works of the Jesuits in Japan, and in tracing the development of medical missions, this initiative of Oita is not to be neglected.

*"*An Institute of Medical Missions in Japan in the 16th Century"—Pierre Delattre, S.J.—Il Pensiero Missionario.*

DR. GAJDOS, a medical professor of the University of Budapest, who did much to check the ravages of exanthematic typhus among the missionaries of Mongolia, has died at the Pasteur Institute of Tunis. When the Reverend Joseph Rutten, former Superior General of the Scheut Missionaries, went to Mongolia in 1931 to fight the disease, Dr. Gajdos accompanied him and administered the typhus injections to all the missionaries, having worked for months in the laboratories at the Catholic University of Peiping to prepare the serum. Since that time there has not been a single case of exanthematic typhus among the entire personnel, whereas, during the twenty years preceding, eighty-four missionaries died of the same disease, forty-six of whom were under thirty-five years of age. Dr. Gajdos was continuing his researches at the Pasteur Institute of Tunis when he was suddenly taken ill and died. *R. I. P.* *The Tablet.*

A PAGE FROM INDIA'S HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 3)

The monastery nearby consists of a large open quadrangle with lines of cells on all four sides. Grouped around the quadrangle were various common rooms, bathroom, hall of assembly, kitchen, refectory, storeroom, etc. In front of the cells were alcoves for images and on the inside wall of each cell a little niche for the personal belongings of the monk.

A small chapel near the monastery contains a beautiful group of figures—the Buddha in an attitude of meditation with attendant figures. One of the latter carries a fly whisk, the other holds the thunderbolt.

The Jandial Temple occupies a commanding position about five miles northwest of the Jaulian Monastery. It resembles many of the classical temples of Greece both in its plan and construction. This temple was probably Zoroastrian in origin. There is an entire absence of images and relics, excluding the Buddhists and Jains, while the lofty tower in the middle of the building adds evidence that the temple belonged to fire-worshippers. On the summit of the tower the faithful would offer their prayers in praise of the Sun, Moon and all else which led their thoughts to Nature's God; while in the inner sanctuary would stand the sacred fire altar with the dais at the side from which the priests would feed it.

Near the railway station is a Museum in which may be seen some of the images and groups of images removed there for safety, as well as coins, jewels, household articles and other finds unearthed during the excavations.

In the time at our disposal it was not possible to visit any other of the remains.